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No. 19.

A PSALM OF THE RAIN.

BY SARAH D. ROBERT.

Over the mountain walls the rain,
Moans the rain, weeps the rain,
Pain of anguish and prayer of pain
Sighs the sorrowful rain.
Yet far below the valleys are bright,
And rippling rivulets rush to the sea,
Sweet birds sing in the silver light,
Lilies bloom on the laughing sea.
Over my life sweeps the sorrowful rain,
Solemn rain, sighing rain,
Prayer of anguish and plea of pain
I mourn with the moaning rain.
Yet still I know Heaven's plains are fair,
And the soft light falls on the sea of gold;
And while white wings wave in the master air,
And the Father smiles as He smiles of old!

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVIDENCE.

Tom Jones had been under the special surveillance of the police. He had kept in his shed with singular closeness, and without any visible pretext, for the past week. Some one had found him lurking suspiciously about the railway depot on the morning of the discovery of the bloody hat, and he had been seized by Sub-inspector Kennedy.

Jones had appeared in an agony of fear and remorse, and requested to be taken before a justice of the peace, to whom alone he declared he would reveal what he knew of the singular disappearance of Mr. Treasylan.

He then declared that for months past Ralph Thornton had been going to join with him in robbing their master, and that for a long time he had refused.

Their scheme was at last arranged to waylay him as he sometimes went in person to receive his rents, and on his return to rob him.

That Ralph Thornton had accordingly informed him about noon, on the Saturday previous, of the errand upon which Mr. Treasylan had gone to Squire Carstairs, and had said he had purposely involved his master's business matters in such a manner that he could not possibly return until after dark.

That on the same evening Mr. Treasylan becoming alarmed had appealed to Ralph Thornton to go in search of his husband, and that Thornton had called him at once, and the two had started together. That they had met Mr. Hartman, whom Ralph Thornton was about to strike, supposing it to be his master; but that on discovering his mistake, Thornton had made a pretence of asking Mr. Hartman to turn back with them, and had hurried on lest he might commit. That immediately afterwards he had heard some one coming toward them. That the person had stumbled and uttered an exclamation, and in this manner they knew it to be Mr. Treasylan. That he, Tom Jones, had been seized with a sudden compunction of conscience, and had whispered Ralph Thornton that he might have all the money if he would do the deed alone, and suffer him, Jones, to take a turn in the field.

That Ralph Thornton, with an oath had signified his assent, and bade him begone for a coward. He had then stepped aside from the road, being afraid to go far, and had heard Thornton knock Mr. Treasylan down, and drag him on the opposite side. That he heard his master exclaim, "Ah, rogue, you will kill me!" when unable to endure it longer, he rushed back and begged Thornton to spare the master's life. But Thornton had replied, "Peace, fool," and had strangled him. That Thornton had then jumped up, saying he had the roll of money, and they must be off.

Questioned as to what became of the money, Jones replied that he had never seen it. That they had gone a short distance, but could not tell how far, when Thornton said it would be dangerous to keep the money for the present, and that he would hide it somewhere among the fuzes, "until the affair had blown over." That Thornton had then darted away, and left him for a time alone, shivering with the cold and fear. That Thornton had come back saying he was sick himself, and they had gone at last to Dunleath where it had been agreed that Thornton should stop for an hour or so, while he, Jones, should keep on to old Godwyn's.

Thornton had said when the clouds broke toward morning he would hurry back, and dispose of the body by throwing it into the river, or hiding it in the fuzes-brake.

That he, Jones, had come on later, and had overtaken Thornton in the hollow, when the latter, looking white and sick, had whispered to him "that all was right," and they had returned in silence to Coldham.

Upon this statement Ralph Thornton had been arrested amid the wildest excitement.

A mob soon gathered with loud yells, and he was with difficulty conveyed to the constabulary barracks, where he remained, under a strong guard for the night.

On Monday his preliminary trial came off. Tom Jones repeated his statement with entire exactness, and with every indication of the sincerest repentance.

Ralph Thornton earnestly protested his innocence, and upbraided Jones for his wicked falsehood. The latter, however, obstinately adhered to his story, and reported upon his fellow-prisoner with bitter reproaches for having urged him to the



LILIAN THORNTON'S VOW.

"SHE HAD DRAWN ASIDE A VEIL THAT HAD ENVELOPED HER HEAD, AND TURNED TOWARD HIM A FACE OF STATURED BEAUTY, WITH EYES THAT GLITTERED UNDER THEIR DEEP LID-LIKE A TRANSPARENT REPOSE A BURNING LIGHT."

commission of so horrible a crime—declaring that he had stated nothing but the truth, and affirming that he was willing to suffer death in expiation of his share of the bloody deed.

In the meantime the strictest search was made for the body of the murdered man. The river had been already dragged, and the examination was renewed not only in its voiceless depths, but in the fuzes-brake, and in all the neighboring ponds and ditches. The search was in vain, no trace of the body could be found.

The spot where the hat was found was just where Thornton would have been to meet his employer, would have been to have returned at once to Coldham.

Had he refused, and the prisoners were taken separately to the county jail, a strong force of the police surrounding them.

On inquiry it had been ascertained that Squire James Godwyn had paid to Mr. Treasylan the sum of two thousand pounds in liquidation of a mortgage held by Treasylan on the said Godwyn's estate, on the evening of the mysterious disappearance of the former.

The regular term of the county assizes was at hand, and on the day previous to its opening £1000 in bank notes were discovered, underneath a large stone, on the edge of the brake not a hundred yards from the spot where the hat had been found, off the Dunleath road, on the Coldham land, not more than a quarter of a mile from Dunleath.

The ground which Ralph Thornton was supposed to have gone over, on the memorable night in question, had been, from day to day, the resort of hundreds of people from Coldham, the neighboring towns, and from N. in search of the money. There was scarcely a crypt that had not been examined or a stone that had not been turned over.

During the inquiry which had now extended to thirteen days, the Dunleath road, the fuzes-brake, and the railway line had been gone over inch by inch and carefully examined, but as neither the body nor the money had been found, the mysterious murder was becoming more than ever mysterious.

Now, however, half a dozen men, among them Lewis Hartman, had gone out from the road on the borders of the brake. Hitherto the search had not been as diligent at this point, as every one believed the money to be somewhere in the brake.

Just here a fence separated the lands of Mr. Treasylan and of Squire James Carstairs, and at the side of this fence there were a great many stones that had been taken from time to time out of the fields, previous to their cultivation, and placed here.

These fields were now covered with rushes and whins. The fence was on a hill-side, and in time of floods the water would rush by it and through the passages under the stones. It was an unusual circumstance, that since the evening of Mr. Treasylan's disappearance, there had not been a single dry day at Coldham, and the heavy rains had caused floods in several parts of the country. While Hartman and his companions were passing along the side of this fence, looking into suspicious crevices, and turning over curiously-shaped stones, the attention of a man named Hood was attracted by two pieces of paper floating on a pool of water that encircled

a large flat rock. He took up the bits of paper and found that they were two five-pound notes.

There was now no doubt but that the hiding place of the money, for the possession of which a most barbarous murder had been committed, was discovered. These men consulted together, for a few seconds, as to what course they should adopt, when Hartman advised that the stone should not be removed until some of the authorities were present. Hood left the field to give information in Coldham of the discovery. On the road he met Captain Catchem, chief of the detective department, and his assistant, Rodolphus Sharpe, and told them that the money had been found.

These officers signalled to County-Inspector Wallace, who chanced to be in sight, and requested him to meet them company. Hood then conducted the party to the fence, near the fuzes-brake, and pointed to the stone, near which the two notes had been found. There was a cavity underneath this stone, in shape like a rabbit-hole, and out of this cavity Inspector Wallace drew a bundle of notes, which he handed to Captain Catchem, who hastened at once to Coldham, and deposited them in the bank.

A number of persons hearing of the discovery were attracted to the spot. Lewis Hartman and some of the employed workmen had succeeded in removing the stone from its bed, when young Williams called out, a few yards distant, that he had discovered another bundle of notes, which proved to be the last. This second package was likewise conveyed to the bank, and a Mr. Nicholl, the manager, counted them out. There were £1000 in all. It was concluded that a hundred pounds had been hid elsewhere, or carried off by the high water. The notes were damp in some places, but had no traces of blood.

The money was carried by an official to the house of Squire Godwyn, who at once identified it as that which he had paid to Mr. Treasylan. He remembered that one £20 note bore a particular endorsement, and had various marks which had attracted his attention while in his possession.

The intelligence spread with rapidity. The telegraph communicated to the authorities in N. that the money had been found. A crowd assembled in front of the Coldham bank, cheering loudly, and a grin of satisfaction was visible on every face. The cheers became hoarse as a part of the crowd passed the Thornton house. They did not care to remember that there were only wretched and helpless women there, who could have had no hand in the murder. John Williams wagged his head at the darkened windows, and wondered "who would put on airs now?"

Mr. Chester was seen coming from the house, to which he had been called professionally, and was greeted at all the way to his hotel. If he had expressed his firm conviction that Ralph Thornton was innocent of the murder, there is no doubt but that he would have been mobbed.

Lilian Thornton's name was rung about the place—how actually the reader is aware.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRIAL.

The regular session of the court being at hand, the grand jury at once found a true bill, and "The Thornton murder case" was placed on docket for immediate trial.

But little additional evidence was produced, or indeed supposed to be wanting. The sheriff had been compelled to go

quite a distance to secure a jury whose opinions were unformed. And but a single testimony had been given, when, to judge from their countenances, their minds were made up.

The deposition of the accomplice, Tom Jones, had been read, and Lewis Hartman was called to the witness stand. Two men were observed to give him even closer attention than the jury were manifesting. One was the prosecuting attorney, Earle Templeton, and the other was Detective Sharpe.

Lewis Hartman testified that he had met the prisoners, as both had confessed, on the Coldham side of the fuzes-brake on the Saturday night in question. Prisoner Thornton had told him with visible concern of Mr. Treasylan's absence, and had requested him, apparently with perfect sincerity, to turn back with him in quest of his employer, which he had declined doing, as he felt sure Mr. Treasylan was somewhere comfortably housed for the night. Prisoner's manner was most natural, and he found it difficult to believe, in spite of the evidence, that he had had a terrible murder of the character before them on his mind.

The judge reprimanded the witness sharply, requesting him to answer the questions asked him as briefly as possible, and the court would dispense with his opinions. There was but little more for him to testify, but it was observed that he had a decided tendency to favor the prisoner.

There was but one other piece of evidence necessary to be mentioned here. A piece of gross grain blue ribbon, about an inch and a half wide, had been discovered since the preliminary trial, but a yard or so out of the road from the spot where the bloody hat and band were found. When this ribbon was brought into court the prisoner, Ralph Thornton, was observed to turn very pale, and covering his face with his hands, tears had been seen to trickle through his fingers. Being asked if he recognized it, he affirmed that it was his wife's hair ribbon, and that she had tied it jestingly about his head on the evening of Mr. Treasylan's disappearance, just as he had been summoned by the wife of the missing man to go in quest of her husband, that he had forgotten the ribbon and must have dropped it when he wandered from the road.

Tom Jones had not yet been brought into court. He had been detained in separate custody, and was now introduced by the sheriff. The prosecuting attorney finding a nose at the end of the ribbon, but his suspicions aroused, and showing it to Jones, asked him if he had ever seen it before.

Tom Jones answered readily that he had, to his sorrow, for Ralph Thornton had showed it to him as they left Coldham, saying he intended to strangle Mr. Treasylan with it, as a shot might be heard, and any bloody weapon would testify against him if found.

Lilian Thornton in the meantime had gone into N. She had gone from office to office beseeching the lawyers to defend her brother, who was as innocent of the murder as they themselves, and she and her mother would beggar themselves to pay for their services. She had brought a long while in vain. At last, however, a young attorney of more than average ability, touched by her beauty and her distress, had agreed to undertake the case for a hundred pounds.

The prosecuting attorney had declared that the case for the Crown had closed with the examination of the last witness.

The cross-examinations, however, continued during the second day.

Earle Templeton had returned to N. at night, and on the morning of the third day took the oath for the scene of the trial. The rigid lines about his mouth had, if possible, grown severer in expression, and the pale intellectual face might have warned every beholder that this man was made of sterner stuff than the clay and mire from which ordinary humanity is moulded. The frown on his brow deepened as the train halted for a moment at the Coldham station, but the gloom and seeming abstraction of his manner did not change.

The whistle had sounded again, when some one touched him on the sleeve.

"If you please, sir, you have the only vacant seat beside you."

The voice was a woman's—the tone, one of singular sweetness and melancholy.

Earle Templeton looked up. And the young man in that division of the car, each wishing the appeal had been made to himself, wondered that the inflexible features which they had been studying for the last half hour, did not soften or grow brighter, as his eyes rested for one brief moment on the form of the wonderful, girlish beauty before him.

The man whom she had addressed, however, glanced around, as though to gain evidence of the truth of her assertion, moved his hat and papers to the little receptacle above him, resumed his own seat, and looked out at the panoramic landscape.

The girl lifted her veil, glanced up at him with a quick start, and finally, with such fixed gaze, knew that the magnetism of her gaze drew him down toward her.

"If I am not mistaken, I address Mr. Templeton, the prosecuting attorney," she said, in a low earnest tone.

"I have the misfortune to be Earle Templeton."

"Oh, sir, do you esteem the approbation of the world so lightly? You, whose rising reputation has provoked the envy of your own sex, and the admiration of mine?"

She might have designed it as a dexterously turned compliment, but if so, never did a beautiful woman more signally fail of her purpose. To her his response was really pitiless.

"As is customary with women, you slander your own sex the more mercilessly of the two, I believe."

She did not, and he knew it, but it was a part of this man's new life, that for every thing like harm to his wounded spirit, from clasp for his rough encounter with the world, he must be dead to all the insidious arts of flattery. He had begun, as we have before seen, by being more merciful to himself than any one had ever been toward him.

"You have some request to make of me, I see; some favor to ask," he continued, while the dark mustache fell yet lower over his mouth. "What is it?"

"Will it be possible for the court at N. to adjourn to-day?"

The nervous eagerness of the young girl was painful in the extreme to the strangers who looked at them from the other seats.

"The Thornton murder case will probably be concluded. The arguments are fixed for to-day, and the case will be given to the jury. Whether their verdict will be ready or not, it is impossible to say."

"And what, sir, do you think will be the nature of that verdict?"

He glanced with surprise and increasing displeasure, at this pale, young girl, with such strange, wild inquisitiveness in her large, dark eyes, and such a total want, so he thought, of the usual diffidence, whether real or affected, of girls of her age.

"It is not exactly probable that my opinion would be a fair exponent of that

of twelve men. It is needless for me to say.

"But, sir, you will not be hard on Ralph Thornton? He is so young, and he is not guilty, indeed he is not. You will not appeal to the passions or prejudices of those twelve ignorant men, who are often swept on to a final decision by the lashed-up froth of popular eloquence, irrespective of the underlying current of deep and earnest truth?"

"The truth, young lady, is of itself the destroying torrent that must sweep the prisoner into the eddying whirlpool of destruction below, irrespective of any impetus that I can give him."

"But, sir, I am that prisoner's sister. I have heard of your fatal gift of eloquence. Promise me at least that you will use no extraordinary effort to deprive Ralph Thornton of all the benefits of James Harry-court's appeal in his behalf. Do not use your strength to throw him overboard at this last tiring point. Leave him the single frail spar upon which to struggle back to land once more."

"And empower him to hurl back with murderous hand to the death from which he escapes, those who would fain have saved him, as he has done before. No, I am an advocate of justice, not of mercy, and I work for the triumph of my cause as you women do for yours, only I use fair means. But content you; for though I should succeed, I promise you that in six months you will smile with the happy insouciance of your better days."

He felt no sympathy for the tie that bound all the tender emotions of Lilian Thornton's nature to the prisoner whose honor and life were at the mercy of the law. The savage part of his nature plucked up its lion courage, its tigerous ferocity, as he remembered that there was something in his power, some one whom he could hold up to public condemnation, upon whom he could visit the full force of retributive justice, with the "lex talionis" for his weapon of offense and defense.

"May the richest blessings of a God of mercy attend you if you heed my prayer," whispered the girl, eagerly. "May the bitterest curses of a broken-hearted and disgraced family pursue you through life if you refuse. Will you promise?"

"To speak as the law bids me, or perish with my perjured tongue! Importune me no more. Seek mercy from the fools who fancy that to them mercy has been shown."

"Then mark me, Earle Templeton, as sure as there is a Heaven above us, and your bitter malignity, roused to fury by I know not what, tramples over the right—as sure as I shall see the sun, though he were no more. Seek mercy from the fools who fancy that to them mercy has been shown."

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He winced like a man under torture at her mad words—perhaps she had touched him to the quick—but he rallied in an instant, and stronger than Achilles, covered the one vulnerable point in his armor.

His harsh laugh sounded in her ear, as he rose to his feet.

"I would hang him for his impudent asseverations of innocence, in the teeth of undoubted evidence. No, we are at the scene of action. Let Thornton advocate do his best, as I shall do mine, and each of us will abide by the result."

CHAPTER XVI.

ON DECKET.

The court at W. was again started in no ordinary degree. Tom Jones was once more brought before the bar, and with solemn and earnest adjurations to Heaven, pleaded "Not guilty."

He then made an entire recantation of his late confession, protesting that he had been mad, and knew not what he said. He had been so startled and horrified by the murder of Mr. Treasylan, that his mind had been all upset, and he should not be held responsible for any thing he had uttered. The charge he had brought against Ralph Thornton had been all a whimsical creation of his own disordered fancy, and the young man was, with himself, entirely innocent of the charge. He had not had the shadow of a foundation for any part of the indictment which he had caused to be brought against Ralph Thornton, to whom he had every reason to be grateful, and as Heaven was his witness he believed the prisoner at the bar to be as ignorant of the cause and method of Mr. Treasylan's murder, as was his honor at the bench.

The counsel for the defence declared that the court had now no just reason to detain his client in custody, and urged that a "nolle prosequi" be entered on the part of the prosecuting attorney.

The court, however, decided that the evidence against the prisoner was sufficient to warrant the continuance of the trial, and after some further production of circumstantial evidence, the arguments began.

Mr. Harrycourt dwelt upon the previous spotless character of the prisoner. There were a hundred desperadoes even in Coldham men who were known to see the law at distance, and yet armed with distasteful cunning to defraud the ends of justice who would have robbed, eye and even murdered, Mr. Treasylan for a hundredth part of the sum of money the unfortunate gentleman was known to have had about him on the evening of the murder, and even the

"Were there no other causes to account for his depression?" Heatherton asked.

"Remember, Judge Lester, that I have as yet heard but a very meagre account of my friend's story, and as I may have

something of my own to add that needs the contribution of your experience, may it not be well to go over the whole to me here in a secret narrative?

"Certainly, and I hope neither of you are young and thoughtless enough to disagree with me when I pronounce my dear father's meeting with me, a provable fact. I was on the very eve of a departure for Europe, where I intended finding restful mental rest in travelling for the next year, and had the accident introduced me to each other not so long ago. I did not, however, expect to meet a different man. I might never have seen him, for he had been to give me his confidence."

"That is true," the doctor assented gravely. "It was a noble generous piece of self-devotion in a youth, to give a life full of promise and value to an effort to save an old man from a sudden and terrible death."

"Nay, my dear boy, do not attempt to lessen the noble bravery of the act, by saying that you were depressed and disappointed, and life seemed worthless at the moment. I am fully prepared to offer all such momentary sensations to believe that they give the brain coolness, and the soul resolution. Such qualities spring from noble hearts at all times, and to them I owe my existence now, under Heaven's mercy."

"I was driving, doctor, with a new pair of horses of whose temper and docility I had received strong assurance, but who became unaccountably alarmed at the sudden breaking of one of their traces. No sooner were they conscious of the accident than they began to run, and I had need all my strength and skill to prevent their headlong career in vain. They flew like winged terrors, and the carriage, light and fragile as it was, seemed to dance behind them in the air. I braced myself in vain to retain my seat, my strength gave out, my brain whirled, and in a moment more I should have been thrown forward upon the street or dragged forward by the terrified animals, when my gallant preserver threw himself between me and sudden death, and received an injury to my left arm, from which he is scarcely yet recovered."

Judge Lester laid his hand affectionately on Eugene's shoulder as he spoke, and the young man with a brightened color again endeavored to disclaim all glory in the bravery of the action.

"Even before I had heard his name, his face appeared familiar to me—for his likeness to his father is remarkable in every way—and now that I have seen him, I will tell you the little I gained in my acquaintance, from the first I was interested by his bearing and manner, and often wished that his evident avoidance of strangers had not interfered with my cultivating a closer friendship."

"He belonged to a noble old Norman family of wealth and exceedingly lofty ideas, and gained their disapprobation by his love for a very sweet and amiable girl, the daughter of his tutor, who at the death of her father became a professional teacher of drawing."

"The persecution of his father and other members of his family only brought Mr. de Courcy's passion to a climax, and he irretrievably decided his relatives by marrying and braving their wrath."

"At first they subjected him to every variety of insult and reproach, and finally they drove him away from the place of his birth by positive persecution."

"He came with his wife and baby to the United States, and for a time had a hard struggle for existence. While in extreme poverty he encountered his father's old valet, a person called Soulette, who had also emigrated with his family, and who told him of the welcome home of a small but efficient family being one from his mother's estate, which it seems was to be paid unconditionally to him, or his agents, and had been kept back in the effort to humiliate him into deserting and leaving his poor wife and child to beg."

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"I believe he hailed his troubles as passed, for he became cheerful and contented, and whenever we met displayed a most attractive and agreeable disposition."

"When the judge had gone so far, he paused and looked Eugene's hand with a fatherly pressure on his own."

"I never saw your mother's face, my dear boy," he said, sadly, "but I am convinced from her picture that she was a creature of rare and tender beauty, that your father's love for her was of the deepest and most ardent kind, as his most constant grief at her loss evinced."

"She died very early, how I do not know, but I have always supposed her to have had some foreboding of her coming doom, and your orphanage; because so much that I have traced in these papers here was her regretted and arranged death, leading to establish proofs of your gentle and liege, and of the rights from which your father was for a time banished by his love for her."

"Among the rest I understood that she had—in a fitly manner, but perfectly legitimate character—been exceedingly beautiful, formed in a lovely and slender figure, which she placed round your baby, which she placed round your baby, which she placed round your baby."

"Both Heatherton and Eugene uttered exclamations simultaneously at this allusion. Each had reason to recognize and remember the secret paper."

"I see you have heard of this before," resumed the judge, looking from one to the other. "I am glad of it, for I can assure you it will be of the greatest importance in our future operations, and besides has the value of a prophetic love gift from your mother's hand, my dear Eugene."

"Your father spoke of it when we parted," he had received notice from him of his father's death and his brother's falling death."

met Eugene I knew nothing further of his fate. Since then my secret inquiries have discovered that he died as I have stated, and his boxes, &c., being sent to his supposed widow's address by the captain with whom he sailed, had been known him previously, must have first suggested the child of Soulette's daughter to whom his child was entrusted."

"No doubt, sir," acquiesced Heatherton, nodding his head. "I have seen Mrs. Blanchard lately and a woman more nearly resembling the picture of your father, though at first, before she grew hardened and bitter, she used to affect fondness in her manner toward me. But that was before her death."

"I lived with her for years, this knowledge coming to me by instinct," he said, in a low thrilling voice. "I do not regret the time when I did not suspect her. I never believed in her affection for me, though at first, before she grew hardened and bitter, she used to affect fondness in her manner toward me. But that was before her death."

"I wandered over the house in an idle dreamy way, feeling the cloud that had always hung over me deepening in density, and entering what I was made for, and why I lived at all."

"One night I awoke suddenly, and I saw her whom I had been taught to call mother standing like a ghost at my bedside. She looked toward me, but not at me, and her eyes were unlike any others I had ever beheld in that room. She looked toward me, but not at me, and her eyes were unlike any others I had ever beheld in that room."

"You must go away," she said, speaking in a muffled tone that was painfully strange to listen to, "you must leave this house never to return because your presence is a curse to us all, a disgrace and a shame. Listen," and she leaned close to my ear, "if you could know, I would tell you, because I cannot suffer you to live together; take warning and go!"

"Remember I was only a lad then, and this interview filled me with fear and horror. I think I knew even then, but she walked and spoke in her sleep; but I also knew that she was not speaking in her sleep, but in her waking hours, and I thought to feel that she had expressed nearly the tenor of her waking mind in her strange slumber."

"I had no one to speak to, not a living creature to whom to turn for advice or counsel. Mr. Blanchard always avoided me, and seemed anxious to be as little as possible in the house on all occasions, and there was no friend then in the world for me."

"Later when I began to be a man in years, when my warped mind bowed more than ever under the burden of its painful secret, I found what my soul yearned for—my father's old valet, Soulette."

"Mr. Heatherton made as though he would have interrupted his file at this point, but Judge Lester gave him a warning look, and Eugene proceeded."

"I believe that reticence is the fault of my nature, and one of the fruits of that ancient shrinking, that brought me my secret alone in my boyish breast."

"For once I will conquer it, dear friends, and confess to you both, that a new feeling mingled with my existence, after meeting with Marion Barton, the daughter of the family I have named to you both in former conversations."

"By some strange means she came to know, and understand Mrs. Blanchard. She never told me how; I could only surmise that as my reputed mother was obliged to stay all night at her house, once during a terrible storm, she may have, in her habit of sleep walking and talking, disclosed to the vigilant girl her wicked secret."

"At all events she never met Mrs. Blanchard afterward, unless she was forced into her presence, and her evident aversion to have been the family's object in her life actions toward him. At this time I was a lawyer in general practice, and Mr. de Courcy applied to me to obtain his claim, which I was soon able to do for him, together with the unpaid sum of the preceding years, and enabled him to begin life here in comparative comfort."

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"I never saw your mother's face, my dear boy," he said, sadly, "but I am convinced from her picture that she was a creature of rare and tender beauty, that your father's love for her was of the deepest and most ardent kind, as his most constant grief at her loss evinced."

"She died very early, how I do not know, but I have always supposed her to have had some foreboding of her coming doom, and your orphanage; because so much that I have traced in these papers here was her regretted and arranged death, leading to establish proofs of your gentle and liege, and of the rights from which your father was for a time banished by his love for her."

"Both Heatherton and Eugene uttered exclamations simultaneously at this allusion. Each had reason to recognize and remember the secret paper."

"I see you have heard of this before," resumed the judge, looking from one to the other. "I am glad of it, for I can assure you it will be of the greatest importance in our future operations, and besides has the value of a prophetic love gift from your mother's hand, my dear Eugene."

"Your father spoke of it when we parted," he had received notice from him of his father's death and his brother's falling death."

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"I demurred at first to this underhand proceeding, and said something about putting my case in legal hands, but the man interrupted me with a contemptuous laugh."

"You ain't got no case yet, 'cept your suspicions," said he, "and you can't get a lawyer now having to move on them. No, no, you be advised by them that know, and pick up your information first. I hope you ain't afraid to trust yourself with me; a gent that is trained to such strength as you've got ought to be easy scared."

"I assured him that I was not in the least alarmed; and having received a word or two of strange information from a woman who accented me a day or two previous, which agreed with what I now heard, my resolution was soon taken. I parted from my old home without one word of explanation, and in the dead of night followed the man to his down-town abode, where I remained in hiding, following his direction, and getting all the knowledge I could in reference to my early life. That is true—but I should explain also, that I believed myself to have been unrecognized by you. Had I thought you aware of my presence, I might have risked all to have made you understand my position there."

"Almost every word you have told me to-night," he continued, turning to Judge Lester, "was gleaned piecemeal in my intercourse with Soulette and his household, and I listened to it in daylight, since I saw you, my resolution was soon taken. I parted from my old home without one word of explanation, and in the dead of night followed the man to his down-town abode, where I remained in hiding, following his direction, and getting all the knowledge I could in reference to my early life. That is true—but I should explain also, that I believed myself to have been unrecognized by you. Had I thought you aware of my presence, I might have risked all to have made you understand my position there."

"You saw me there," said Heatherton, "and felt as best to avoid me, I suppose, since at that time your plans were not so fully matured for development. That is true—but I should explain also, that I believed myself to have been unrecognized by you. Had I thought you aware of my presence, I might have risked all to have made you understand my position there."

"Well, now my dear Eugene," cried Heatherton, leaning forward and grasping his friend's hand with ardor, "I shall begin my story not but less interesting story, and expect to live along in your love and gratitude, in consideration of the joy my words must give your tried but too sensitively questioning heart."

"I was from the first, and I have been with them almost daily for many weeks, and I can assure you on my life that Miss Marion, one of the noblest and most lovely girls I ever looked upon, is wholly and solely devoted to you, and that the division existing between you and her pride would be removed, if you would only consent to marry her. I have been with them almost daily for many weeks, and I can assure you on my life that Miss Marion, one of the noblest and most lovely girls I ever looked upon, is wholly and solely devoted to you, and that the division existing between you and her pride would be removed, if you would only consent to marry her."

"What is it that you tell me, son? I have heard falsely, and were my eyes faithless to me?" cried Eugene, in strange commotion. "Oh, Miss, my friend, my brother, prove to me that Marion loves me, and you will have given life to a poor, wretched, and almost dead man. I have been with them almost daily for many weeks, and I can assure you on my life that Miss Marion, one of the noblest and most lovely girls I ever looked upon, is wholly and solely devoted to you, and that the division existing between you and her pride would be removed, if you would only consent to marry her."

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self. She knows me and why I am here, and I tell you there is no harm in it."

"Don't you know I'd knock you into the steps of a slush lamp in about two seconds if I thought you meant anything wrong?" I said. "I don't see a stupid, and I promise not to watch you too close."

The Delaware was a fast boat, and we made the water fly for two days as there was a stiff sailing breeze. Two or three times I saw Ned pass Mrs. Clifford, and every time he did the red signal went up in her cheek. But I never saw him speaking to her until one night after dark when her father was below and she came to the head of the boat, looking out, quickly."

"Why are you here?" she said, quickly. "It is useless—it is worse than a noose. If he could know you, all our hope is blasted."

"I could not keep away," he said, "because I love you."

"I was in the fore shrouds and shinned up higher, because I didn't want to hear any secrets. She stayed with him till he was hurt, and I was thinking to myself that this young man was getting on a little with a rich young girl, when she gave him her hand and she kissed it, and then she went away, looking over her shoulder. Then he looked up and saw me perched in the foretop, and up he came."

"She's a noble girl, old man," he said, softly. "And I'll try to make her happy after all her kindness."

"You're considerable of a cheat, my son," I said. "Now who's your gal, anyway?" "I'll tell you after we land," he said. "For the present I am Ned Carroll, foremost hand in the ship Delaware, and shall do my duty to the utmost of my power. Is any danger of Corsica?"

"Danger? Not while we've got a good breeze off the land. But let it come calm, or we get beached on that treacherous coast, and I'd take my chances with North American Indians first. These Corsicans are fighters—both the men and the women."

"We ran down the coast for two days more, and on the morning of the fifth the shores of Corsica loomed up through the haze. There was little wind and a dense fog was rolling off the land, so that we could not see a face twenty feet away. We headed away from the land and there was just wind enough to keep her steady without moving her much. I was on the top galant fork when I saw one of these queer Corsican boats go by close under our stern paddling into the land."

"I went to the first Dekey and reported what I had seen, and he went to the foremast, where he saw the boat, and he told me to go and see if I could get a shot at her. I went to the foremast, where he saw the boat, and he told me to go and see if I could get a shot at her. I went to the foremast, where he saw the boat, and he told me to go and see if I could get a shot at her."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"FAIR MOUNT." By H. P. Farnsworth. Author of "Pemberton," or One Hundred Years Ago. Published by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is a little volume of 50 pages, containing a poem relating to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. It is very prettily gotten up in gift-book style by the publishers, with handsome gilt lettered binding, thick white paper and with four full page engravings of "Fair Mount," "Barnum's," "Morse's Cottage," and the "View from Belmont." As to the poem itself it does not become us to say more than that it treats the various associations which cling around the Park and renders it an appropriate place for the site of the Centennial celebration. Many of our distant readers may not know that the Park is to a considerable degree an aggregation of old country seats, taking in Mottville, owned by the Penn Family; The Hills, Robert Morris's old place; Belmont, where Washington was a frequent visitor; Mount Pleasant, once owned by Benedict Arnold; the Cottage of which the poet Moore wrote the charming ballad, commemorating "I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," &c.

We make the following extracts from the poem:—

And here, when all the weary strife was o'er,
Came our great CHIEFTAIN—Christen still, and
Ned from those scenes of State he little loved,
From angry factions by his voice reposed,
From the quietude of his life he loved,
Where all were right, and all were wrong,
To the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,
In the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,
To the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,
In the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,

Had these old trees a voice, these groves a tale,
Belmont could tell a tale of olden days,
Of a brave chieftain, gilded by light,
With a crown on his head, and a sword in his hand,
With a crown on his head, and a sword in his hand,
With a crown on his head, and a sword in his hand,
With a crown on his head, and a sword in his hand,

Steps at a quick command the gallant show,
From the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,
To the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,
In the old shades, Belmont where he loved to rest,

And then, when all the weary strife was o'er,
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Answers to Correspondents.

BY DAISY BURNH.

Finding persuasions unavailing he went back to his work. But when at the end of an

has been the source of griefs which I can never forget, and but for my mother's

would not completely unravel even before my loving eyes. I remember he once said

a hasty movement toward the door she said
confusedly

seen the pictures was able to. The Duke of
Guelders was a nobleman of Holland, but we find
little concerning him in history or biography.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in
our next.]

